Go tell falſe *Edward* thy ſuppoſed king,
That *Lewis* of France is ſending ouer Maskers,
To reuill it with him and his new bride.
Edw. Is *Lewis* ſo braue, belike he thinkes me *Henry*.
But what ſaid Lady *Bona* to theſe wrongs?
Meſ. Tel him quoth ſhe, in hope heele proue a widdower ſhortly, *Ile* weare the willow garland for his ſake.
Edw. She had the wrong, indeed ſhe could ſaie
Little leſſe. But what ſaide *Henries* Queene, for as
I heare, ſhe was then in place?
Meſ. Tell him quoth ſhee my mourning weeds be
Doone, and I am readie to put armour on.
Edw. Then belike ſhe meanes to plaie the *Amazon*.
But what ſaid *Warwike* to theſe iniuries?
Meſ. He more incenſed then the reſt my Lord,
Tell him quoth he, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile vncrowne him er't be long.
Ed. Ha, Durſt the traytor breath out ſuch proude words?
But I will arme me to preuent the worſt.
But what is *Warwike* friendes with *Margaret*?
Meſ. *I* my good Lord, theare ſo linkt in friendſhip,
That young Prince *Edward* marries *Warwikes* daughter.
Cla. The elder, belike *Clarence* ſhall haue the
Yonger. All you that loue me and *Warwike*
Follow me. *Exit Clarence* and *Summerſet*.
Edw. *Clarence* and *Summerſet* fled to *Warwike*.
What ſaie you brother *Richard*, will you ſtand to vs?
Glo. *I* my Lord, in deſpight of all that ſhall
Withſtand you. For why hath Nature
Made me halt downe right, but that I
Should be valiant and ſtand to it, for if

I would, *I* cannot runne awaie.
Edw. *Penbrooke*, go raiſe an armie preſentlie,
Pitch vp my tent, for in the field this night
I meane to reſt, and on the morrow morne,
Ile march to meet proud *Warwike* ere he land
Thoſe ſtragling troopes which he hath got in France.
But ere I goe *Montague* and *Haſtings*,
You of all the reſt are neereſt allied
In bloud to *Warwike*, therefore tell me, if
You fauour him more then me or not:
Speake truelie, for I had rather haue you open
Enemies, then hollow friends.
Monta. So God helpe *Montague* as he proues true.
Haſt. And *Haſtings* as hee fauours *Edwards* cauſe.
Edw. It ſhall ſuffice, come then lets march awaie.
Exeunt Omnes.

Enter *Warwike* and *Oxford*, with ſouldiers.
War. Truſt me my Lords all hitherto goes well,
The common people by numbers ſwarme to vs,
But ſee where *Sommerſet* and *Clarence* comes,
Speake ſuddenlie my Lords, are we all friends?
Cla. Feare not that my Lord.
War. Then gentle *Clarence* welcome vnto *Warwike*.
And welcome *Summerſet*, I hold it cowardiſe,
To reſt miſtruſtfull where a noble hart,
Hath pawnde an open hand in ſigne of loue,
Elſe might I thinke that *Clarence*, *Edwards* brother,
Were but a fained friend to our proceedings,
But welcome ſweet *Clarence* my daughter ſhal be thine.
And now what reſts but in nights couerture,
Thy brother being careleſlie encampt,

His